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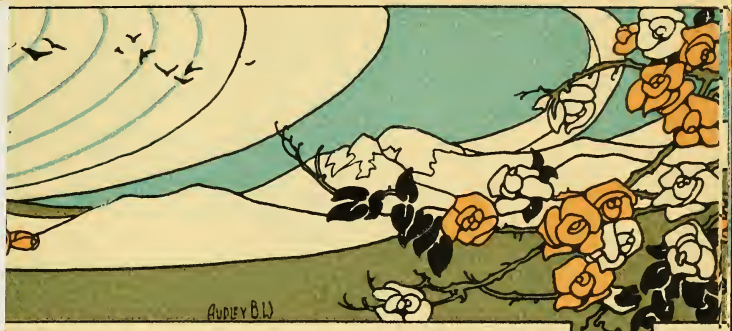

CALIFORNIA

A Poem · *By* FRED EMERSON BROOKS

PAUL ELDER & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS · SAN FRANCISCO

Hard by the blue Pacific
An Empire stands alone,
Walled in by serrate mountains,
While Plenty sits the throne;
Where the climate is an Eden,
Where the Winter is a Spring,
Where the Summer is eternal
And the birds forever sing.

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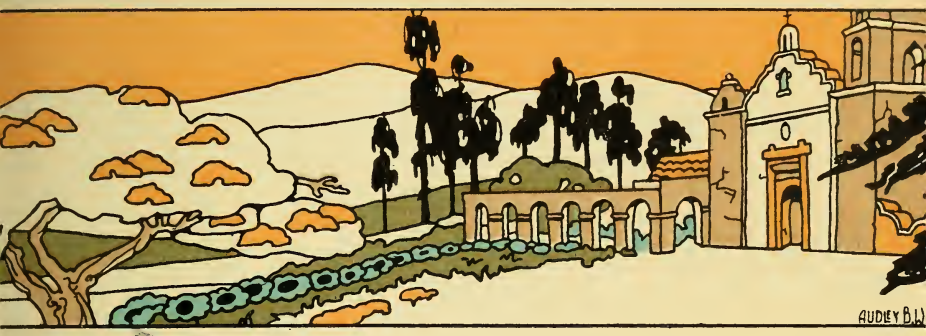
One may take a two days' journey
In a Pullman palace train,
Through the miles of orange blossoms
And the leagues of waving grain;
There's enough to feed a Nation
In yon single field of wheat,
If they'd only come and glean it
Who are starving in the street.

Precious metals in the mountains;
E'en the sands are full of gold,
Which came down in yellow
showers,
As the manna fell of old.
See the vineyards without number–
Countless tons of purple gems;
'Tis a royal country, stranger,
Where the fields wear diadems.

If the rain should ever fail us
We could irrigate with wine–
Turn the beverage of Cana
Back again into the vine;
While the miracles of Burbank
Bid old wizard Nature bear
Fruits and flowers never dreamed of
In her bounteous bill of fare.

Hoary Shasta, Sovereign Mountain,
With thy jeweled crown of snow
And thy feet in beds of flowers!
There with silken robes aglow,
Smiles the Maiden California,
Formed of such enchanting mold
Sunshine Elfins kiss her sandals–
Silver sandals laced with gold.



Surely this must be the Eden
Where the woman tempted man,
With the women still so tempting
They'd upset most any plan;
Little wonder they both yielded
Where the fruitage is so fair;
It would tempt far holier mortals,
It would lure more cautious pair.

Those who locate ancient Eden
By the Dead Sea are not wrong,
Since our California glory
To that Garden must belong–
There's a dead sea over yonder
Where Mono's brackish tide
Makes a liquid tomb for nature,
And where nothing can abide.

There's an ancient Druid temple
In that forest petrified;
There the wife of Lot glanced
backward,
Turned to crystal as she died;
There stood Sodom, there Gomorrah,
Where the Geyser's boiling pot
Seethes amid the ancient ruins,
And the embers still are hot.

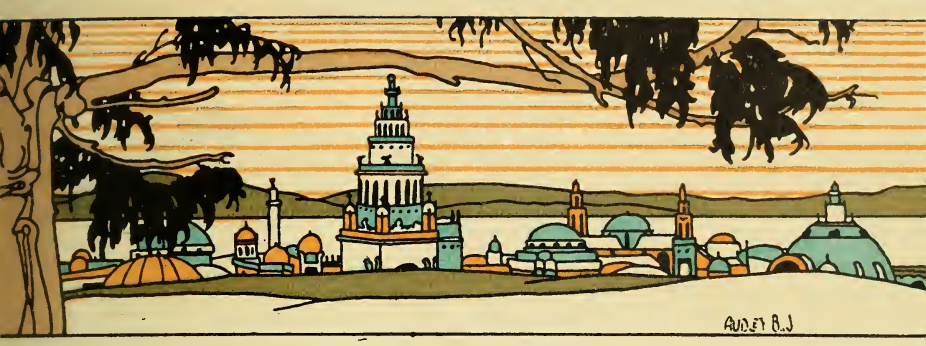
Who can catalogue the wonders?
Who can say what there is not,
In this land of milk and honey,
Nature's only polyglot–?
Stranger, mention something lacking
Here among the things that be,
And we'll take you out to view it
In this garden by the sea.

Is there any kind of climate,
  Any scene for painter's eye
The Almighty hath not crowded
  'Neath our California sky?
Is there any fruit or flower,
  Any gem or jewel old,
Any wonder of creation
  That this garden doth not hold–

From the tiny midget blossom
  To the grand Sequoia high,
With its roots in God's own country
  And its top in God's own sky?
And when you're done life's sojourn
  You may take the Golden Gate,
Or mount up this Jacob's ladder
  From the glorious Golden State.

From the vision of the ashes
Western men of heart and brains
Have rebuilt a marvel city
Where the queen of beauty reigns:
Her breath is like the perfume
And her cheek is like the rose,
And her hair is like the sunshine
Where the golden poppy grows.

Here the moon flings down her silver,
Here the sun flings down his gold;
With the gems still in the water
Where the stars fell down of old.
When the sun sinks in the ocean
Like a monster burnished plate,
You behold the God of Glory
Closing up the Golden Gate.



Here, within the world's Elysium,
Earth's great harbor we behold,
Where the silver waters tide them
Through the gates of burnished gold:
Here, in Alabaster temples,
All the arts of man appear,
For both continents and oceans
Hold their Exposition here.

California makes fiesta
And invites the world to sup
While the kiss of her abundance
Drops a pearl in every cup;
Man has cut the earth asunder,
Made a highway for the sea
That the ships of man come sooner
To this land of Arcadie.

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